

Missiskoui



Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

VOL. 3.

THE MISSISKOUI STANDARD

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POETRY.

For the Saturday Courier.

THE DEATH OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN.

A Dirge.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Who mourns for the Indian?
The grass and the trees,
The murmuring stream,
And wandering breeze;
His tribe and his years,
And his name were unknown,
And no brother can weep
Where he sleepeth alone.

Who mourns for the Indian?
The bird in his song,
At twilight and eve,
Will sadly prolong
A requiem strain,
In the wild solitude,
In grief for the fall
Of the child of the wood.

Who mourns for the Indian?
The dew drop, at night,
Will steal from the sky,
Unbroken and bright:
And the rays of the moon,
And gleam of the star,
Will glide to his round,
From the zenith afar.

Who mourns for the Indian?
The billow shall break,
In its passionate roar,
And the sea cavern's quake,
As it rolls to the shore,—
And the winds of the deep
Shall whistle and yell
To the place of his sleep.

Who mourns for the Indian?
The cloud shall let fall
The tears that it weeps
O'er the slumbers of all;
And men as they pass
May pause with a sigh,
And think of his fate,
With a sorrowing eye.

AGRICULTURAL.



EXPERIMENTS WITH GYPSUM.

We find next in order an interesting communication from Chancellor Livingston who, we believe, was the first to introduce the use among us, of gypsum, detailing a great number of experiments which he had made in 1789 and subsequent years, with this fossil manure, and also with carbonate of lime, in the form of ground oyster shells and pulverized lime-stone—and stating the results of these experiments. The applications were generally from five to seven bushels the acre. The applications now a days are generally limited to one or two bushels per acre. The Chancellor's experiments go to confirm the opinions we have entertained, that gypsum is not beneficial upon all soils, nor to all crops. After stating the experiments and their results, the Chancellor draws the following inferences:

1. That gypsum, in small quantities, has no visible effect on wheat or rye.

2. That it is uniformly beneficial to Indian corn, unless it be in very rich or very wet soils.

3. That it is beneficial to flax on dry poor sandy lands.

4. That it is peculiarly adapted to the growth of clover in all dry soils, or even in wet soils in a dry season.

5. That lime stone pulverized has similar effects with gypsum; whether it is better adapted to wet soils, I cannot yet determine.

6. That the effects of gypsum as a manure are hardly perceptible in the vicinity of the sea.

The reason conjectured for the last fact is, that the atmosphere on the coast is charged with muriate of soda or common salt—that the sulphuric acid of the gypsum, having a stronger affinity for the soda, than the muriatic acid unites with it, and forms a sulphate of soda, which if not unfriendly to vegetation, does not seem to aid it. The Chancellor advances the opinion, since amply confirmed, that calcareous earths are permanent manures in proportion to the quantity employed; 'for if this is small,' he adds, 'it must be frequently renewed

because this earth is soluble in water, and will be carried off by it, or imbibed by the plants themselves.' This latter fact has been conclusively shown by Mr. Ruffin, in his valuable treatise upon calcareous manures. In speaking of the decreasing fertility of soils, from the effects of culture, water, fire, &c. he adds, 'Let us not, however, tremble for the fate of posterity; the fossils which the sea affords, the vast quarries of Marble, chalk, gypsum, marl, which all derive their origin from the same source, not only restore the loss which the water occasions, but agreeable to this system, compel the air to deposit the spoils of the vegetable world, and the fires which have consumed the old, to animate new plants.' We may add, that the Chancellor found the gypsum beneficial in proportion to the poverty and lightness of the soil; and that modern experience has demonstrated, that it is beneficial to the potato, pea and other leguminous crops.

A BLESSING IN THE FORM OF AN ENEMY. Ezra L'Hommedieu, favorably known in our legislative annals and a nice observer in agricultural matters prefacing a communication on manures, by observing, that the land in this county, (Suffolk,) was so constantly tilled, and so little attention was paid to making manure, 'that an average of not more than five or six bushels of wheat was raised on the acre. This mode of husbandry was still pursued, and although the land was gradually impoverished, the farmer found the crop, though small, more than would pay for his labor and expense. The wheat insect, the Hessian fly, put an end to this kind of husbandry, and in that respect has proved a blessing instead of a curse: no other way being found to prevent the injury to this crop by the insect, but by highly manuring the land. Great attention since has been paid to making manure, which in many parts of the county has increased ten-fold.' This addition has been made by green sea-weed; by drifted sea weed, by making a compost with barn-yard dung and turf; by mud taken from the creeks and swamps; by leached ashes, and by the fish called manhaden or mos-bankers.'

This narration of Mr. L'Hommedieu affords important hints to a vast many farmers, who are careless of saving or applying manure—who are going on, and are likely to keep going on, in a reckless disregard of the first principles of good farming till the Hessian fly, or some other malady, shall drive them to a better system. In some cases the manure was increased ten-fold! And so it may be increased upon more than half the farms in our state. It is vegetable and animal matters—it is dung, that feeds our crops, and makes our grain, and meat, and money. There is another fact to which we would call the attention of the advocates of fermented manures. Mr. L. speaks of compost of yard dung and turf. Whence the utility of this mixture? Why cart turf first to the yard, and afterwards to the field? For the very plain reason, that while mixed with the dung in the compost, it became enriched by the gases—the volatile parts of the manure—given off in the process of fermentation, which would otherwise have been scattered to the winds, and their fertilizing properties lost to the farm.

Mr. L. describes various experiments made with green and drift sea-weed, with the compost, and with mud and fish.

The green sea-weed is thrown into the hog-yards, with some dirt or turf, and being trodden and mixed by the hogs, is in a few weeks fit for use, and is applied alike to small grains, or to corn in the hill.

The drift sea-weed is spread in a dry state upon wheat grounds, directly after sowing, with good effect; it is also used as litter, or manufactured into dung by the pigs, in the pen. One man thus made 20 tons in a year, worth \$20, with two hogs. Mr. L. suggests that a similar economy may be effected, by persons living remote from the sea, by putting in the fresh grass growing on flats and in rivers, and adding turf or dirt, and any vegetable not fit for fodder. The suggestion is a good one. Marsh lands and waters may thus be made to give back the riches which are constantly flowing into them from the higher grounds.

The dung for the compost is carted from the yard as soon as the winter foddering is over, and mixed in alternate layers with the turf, the turf or dirt forming a thick covering to the pile, to keep the sun from the dung. Nothing is said of making compost with fermented dung.

The mud manure is the vegetable matter

which is washed into streams, mixed with a portion of earth. It is exposed to a winter's frost, which pulverizes it. It is then usefully applied as a top-dressing to grass or wheat. Its value must depend upon the proportion of vegetable matter with which it bounds.

The fish, which are taken in great abundance, are used in dunging corn in the hills. They are spread upon grass grounds, 15 inches apart, or made into a compost with earth, in the proportion of one load of fish to four of earth. Fifteen loads of the compost are found sufficient for an acre of poor land, which will in consequence give 30 bushels of wheat. Here we must state another fact, and a conclusive one, in confirmation of our theory, that the gases evolved by fermenting manure are a valuable food for plants. Plants can live upon air. We will quote Mr. L.'s words:

'Mr. Glover relates a circumstance which is curious. He made a heap, composed of those fish and earth, in the manner above related, near a fence where a field of wheat was growing on the opposite side. The wheat near the heap soon changed its color, and grew luxuriant, and at harvest yielded nearly double the quantity to the other parts of the field. He is confident the wheat could derive no nourishment from the heap or compost, by its being washed by rains to the ground on the other side of the fence, where the wheat grew, and could be effected only by the effusion arising from the putrefaction of the fish, and absorbed by the leaves of the wheat.'

Vol. I. p. 67.—*Cultivator.*

THE REMEDY.

A Domestic Scene.

After all said on the subject of the times, of reform, and the necessity of economy in all our outlays, the true way is to set to work forthwith and carry reform into practical execution and see how it works. Example is a great guide, and what one will do, the other will imitate. Fashionable extravagance will be at once surrendered, when it is fashionable to be economical. A very large importing house was prostrated by the pending storm, and first tried the experiment of extension, but finally gave up and suspended payment. About a fortnight or three weeks after that event had taken place, I called at their magnificent mansion in Place, and found the house closed, and a bill on it for sale, or to let. I stood musing for a few minutes, calling to mind the splendor of the last party I had been at, in that very house, in January last; the parlors with their magnificent ottomans, damask chairs, rich Persian carpets, candelabras, and costly mirrors...the gay and fluttering crowd of fashionables, the superb supper, and massive plate, and flashing lights, and jocund faces, and above all the graceful and delighted mistress of the mansion. Now all was dreary and desolate; the dust had already collected on the Venetian blinds, and the plated bell handle looked dark and dingy. An air of desuetude and decay lowered on the mansion; the airy dreams of the occupants have vanished. I determined, however, to see my friends, for he who forgets a friend in the hour of adversity is not fit to live in this world, and on pursuing my enquiry, I traced them to a small street east of the Bowery, and living in a neat two story house. I rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor by a little girl with a clean check apron. I looked around the rooms. What a contrast! A plain but new ingrain carpet, neat rush bottom chairs, a sofa, two small looking glasses in the pier, under which was a plain mahogany table, and plated candle sticks on the mantel piece. Every thing was neat, and directly in the opposite extreme of the splendor of their former habitation. The lady of the house met me with a cheerful smile & a cordial shake of the hand. The last time I had seen her she was alighting from her carriage, splendidly dressed, at Stewart's in Broadway; she now had on a neat calico dress, a silk apron, and a plain cap, and she looked exceedingly interesting. 'Why, how you stare,' said she, 'am I not an altered woman?' 'Yes, but altered for the better. How well you do look!' 'Do I? Why, yes I think I do. I take great exercise—busht about the house—rub furniture as you once advised me to do—look after the kitchen—anm constantly employed; indeed, it must be so, for we cannot keep an army of servants, as we formerly did.' 'It will all work well, be sure of it; the storm will soon blow over, at least with you, because you show yourself to be a skilful pilot; you take in sail in time, and will soon have your ship moored in smooth water.' 'Well, you do comfort me exceedingly, for I have seen but few of our gala friends of late. Here comes my husband—you must sit down and take a cheerful family dinner with us.' A very white but not very fine table cloth was spread; uncut tumblers—blue plates—buck-handle knives and forks—jappanned bread-basket, &c., and the little girl with the check apron waited on us. A beefsteak and hot potatoe—an apple dumpling—good white bread and a tumbler of beer, constituted our din-

ner.—'Don't look at me,' said the hostess, 'for I really eat like a ploughman—of late I have had a most unfashionable appetite; but then I arise with the sun, and the day passes so quickly that night sets in before I have done my work—now don't smile when I say work, for although you know I have not been used to it, yet really I do work, and very hard....' Do you miss your horses and carriage—your rides up and down Broadway—your visits to Stewart, Boyle, and Venables?' 'No, not in the least; I do miss my purse occasionally, to be frank with you, but then I accommodate my means to my wants, and all is smooth. We cannot eat gold, you know, it only can perform certain offices, which I do not want. I have enough of rich wardrobe to last for years, rather too many pocket handkerchiefs that cost me 30 dollars a piece, and as to the carriages and horses, if they brought their gratifications they were also a source of trouble vexation and expense, and I am better without them. It is thus I derive consolation from misfortune, and am content and most happy.'

All this is the result of practical good sense—of a determined mind, which soars above misfortune—of a happy and contented nature.—What a treasure such a wife is to a man in these times, and who, instead of increasing his gloom and despondency by frowns, upbraids and fretfulness, meets him with the smile of hope and cheerfulness—points out the road to reform, and leads him towards it by her own good and successful example....keeps up his energy and inspires him with new life....animates him to future exertions....smooths the pillow of disappointment, and cheers him with the assurance of better times.—*N. York Evening Star.*

Truth stranger than fiction.

We witnessed the most tragical scene at Yancy Superior Court, that has ever been acted in any Court in North Carolina. The facts were as follows: About two years since, a man by the name of John Wilson, married Elizabeth Rey of that county. They lived together about seven weeks, when some disturbance took place which caused their separation....Six months ago the husband filed a petition for divorce, setting forth various causes—declared that he was young & inexperienced when he married her, and was not acquainted with her true character, that her conduct during the time they lived together was insupportable, and by him could not be endured. She answered that they were raised in the same neighborhood, and had known each other from their infancy; that he knew her character and circumstances in life perfectly well when he married her, and had taken her with his eyes open to all her frailties; she positively denied ever having been guilty of any misconduct, during the time they lived together, but that she acted towards him the part of an affectionate wife. She further asserted that when he was about to leave her, he made no charges against her, but gave as his reason for separation, that he did not, nor had he ever loved her, that his friends had induced him to marry her merely for property, and that he had ascertained that he could not enjoy life with a woman he did not love.

At the last Court an issue was made up and submitted to a Jury. The petition and answer having been read, evidence was then introduced which proved decidedly in favor of the petitioner. On the part of the plaintiff, the cause was submitted without further argument, but the counsel for the defendant resisted the divorce by a long and feeling speech, in which he alluded to the solemnity of the marriage vow, the mutual duties it imposed on the parties, and the want of sufficient cause in that case to dissolve the bonds of matrimony.

During the investigation the parties were both in court. The husband apparently young and simple, and in fact a mere boy, and there was nothing in the least prepossessing in his appearance. The wife seemed something older and altogether the superior. She is a fine looking woman, with dark hair, black eyes and a very expressive face; she manifested great interest in the trial.

The jury after retiring a few moments returned a verdict for the plaintiff. The parties were still in their seats behind the bar, some six or eight feet distant from each other; the wife asked a gentleman by whom she was sitting for his knife, as if to trim her finger nails; she felt the edge, rose to her feet, paused a moment, turned pale, her eyes flashed fire, and then suddenly sprang forward with the drawn knife, and aimed at her husband a deadly blow. But fortunately a lady who was standing by saw her get the knife, and perceiving from her countenance that she was meditating some thing of a desperate character, watched her until she saw the blow aimed at the throat of the unsuspecting husband, and instantly

THE MECHANIC'S SHOP.—A correspondent of the New York Sun says....

Having occasion to employ a mechanic for the purpose of doing some slight repairs to an article of furniture, I carried it to the first shop where such work was done.—When I first entered the shop, there was an air of neatness and good order strikingly apparent, and kindness and good humor was visible in every countenance. The master, his journeymen and apprentices, were all closely engaged in their several employments, and it was evident that none engaged in that shop 'at the bread of idleness.' No one was surly, or ill-natured, or boisterous; each one minded his own business; answered readily and cheerfully when addressed; every implement of labor was at its place, and each person employed knew where each tool was, and could have laid his hands upon it in the dark. In short, every thing was managed with so much regularity, that I could not help thinking that some thing more than an ordinary cause was the occasion.—While, therefore, an apprentice was despatching my work, I entered into conversation with the master, expressing my surprise and pleasure at what I had witnessed, and asked him the principles upon which he conducted his establishment. He replied, 'the grand secret of all you see is, that I allow not ardent spirits to be bro't into my shop; neither do I continue a man in my employ, who is a dram-drinker. Myself and all my men and boys are members of the 'Mechanics' Temperance Society'; and each one of them is furnished, at my expense, with a monthly temperance paper; for I act upon the principle that knowledge is one of the best securities against vice.'—Upon your plan have you no difficulty in obtaining workmen? I asked. 'None at all. When a man asks me for employment, or a friend wishes me to take his son as an apprentice, I tell them frankly my own practice, and the rules of my shop, assuring that they must be strictly observed, & setting before them the advantages of moderate drinking; so that if they then feel disposed to enter into my employ, they may act understandingly. After a few weeks' trial of my plan, though they may not at first be exactly pleased, they are satisfied, and I seldom have a man leave my employment. I have men with me now, who have been with me for years; and when my apprentices have served out their time, in addition to the articles I am bound by their indentures to furnish them, I give them each a volume of Beecher on Intemperance, and of the Cold Water Man, that they may go out armed, in some measure, against the seductions of intemperance.' My work being finished, I took my leave much gratified at what I had seen and heard.

A termagant told her spouse, that he was related to the devil. 'Only by marriage,' was his reply.

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not, is like a mule that carries wheat and eats thistles.

ENGLAND.

President Humphrey, in a late letter in the New York Observer, gives the following vivid sketch of the vast resources of the 'little Island':

Let me suppose then, that you take one of the packets for Liverpool. You will, of course, when you arrive there, embrace the earliest opportunity to see what is most worthy of a stranger's attention in that prosperous town. You will look at the public buildings—at the long ranges of lofty warehouses—at the immense piles of cotton and other commodities, just discharged upon the quays; and, above all, at the docks themselves, ample enough, almost for a great navy to ride in, and crowded with merchantmen and packets, as if the trade of a kingdom was concentrated there; all these you will pass in rapid review, and they will, I may venture to predict, give you a higher idea of the wealth of the place, and the extent of its trade, than any description has ever conveyed to your mind. And then, too, the quantities of goods daily arriving by the Liverpool and Manchester rail road, for shipment to the United States and other foreign markets, will vastly exceed all your previous conceptions.

Is Manchester your next stopping place? See how many thousand bales of cotton are transported to that vast market in a single day, to be consumed almost as soon as they reach the mills; pass through some of the largest factories; look into the warehouses, many stories high, and near a furlong in length; think what cargoes of crates and bales and packages are put up & sent off every week, & what millions of pounds have been invested in building and all kinds of machinery; then pass on, if you choose, to Leeds; from Leeds to Sheffield; from thence to Birmingham, and so on, from one manufacturing town to another, diligently making your observations and inquiries, and it will be strange, indeed, if you do not say, 'the half was not told you.'

Nor, if you would form any just estimate of the enormous wealth and resources of England, must you fail to notice what amount of business is done upon the numerous canals and great roads of the kingdom. You must look also at the crops & pasturage, and flocks and herds, such as the world can no where exhibit, on an equal extent of territory; and when you have done all this, and glanced at the proud castles and wide domains of the nobility, and thought of their princely incomes, and looked into the depots and arsenals and dockyards of the kingdom, conceive, if you can, what must be the aggregate wealth and what must be the power of such a country.

But I have not spoken of the metropolis, the heart of this mighty empire, whose beat fills every great artery, and sends life and health to all the extremities of the body politic. You must see London, or all your conceptions of the riches and greatness of the empire will be extremely inadequate. London! its palaces, its churches, its post office, its custom-house, its exchange, its Bank of England, its wilderness of costly and magnificent edifices, both public and private; its bridges, its warehouses, its locks, its commerce, its merchantmen, its liveries, its nobles, its bankers, its thousands of high minded and wealthy merchants; but I forbear. There have been more populous cities in the world than London; but she is incomparably richer than any other, whether ancient or modern. It would scarcely be extravagant to say, that she possesses the means of buying out half a score of the largest capitals, at a fair valuation. Who will deny that London is, at the present moment, the great banking house of the world, and is able seriously to affect every moneyed system of every nation under heaven, almost at pleasure!

What was it but British Gold that enabled Spain and Germany, and other continental powers, to meet the shock of the French Revolution; to keep such vast armies in the field; to maintain the struggle with the greatest conqueror of modern times, for almost twenty years, till the whirlwind of the last battle swept him away, and a rock in the wide ocean received him to its safe and final custody? What other nation, was ever able to build and keep in commission a thousand ships of war, like those which rode triumphant in every sea, and I may almost say, blockaded the whole continent of Europe for ten years?

It appears from authentic sources, that during the French revolutionary war, which broke out in 1793 and lasted till 1802, Great Britain expended 468 millions of pounds, or about 2330 millions of dollars.

The war against Bonaparte began in 1803, and ended in 1815. During these twelve years of extravagance and carnage, she spent the enormous sum of 1159 millions!!—771 millions of which, were raised by taxes. Yes, seven hundred, seventy-one millions of pounds, or about 8759 millions of dollars were paid into the treasury, by the people, in twelve years!!—that is to say, about \$315,000,000 annually—or more than \$800,000 per day!! Was there ever any other nation, since the world began, that could have raised one third part of this sum, without utter bankruptcy or ruin? But this is not all. During the period of twenty-two years, from 1793 to 1815, Great Britain raised by loans, 589 millions of pounds, making her total expenditures in these wars, 1623 millions of pounds, or 8000 millions of dollars! Now, be it remembered, that nine-tenths of this incredible sum, was as much lost to the nation, as if it had been thrown into the Atlantic, and yet, there is no counting her remaining treasures. It is

true, her national debt is enormous—between eight and nine hundred millions of pounds, under the weight of which, it has often been predicted, she must one day sink to rise no more. But to whom does she owe this debt? To France? to Russia? to the United States?...No; but to herself; that is, to her own people. Not a dollar of it is due to any foreign nation;...so that if the British Government were to declare itself bankrupt to-morrow, the nation would still be just as rich as it is now. It would be an act of extreme injustice to all the fund-holders, to be sure, and would ruin thousands of families; but the money would all remain in the country,...and Britain would continue to be, as she is by far the richest nation in the world.

But how is this to be accounted for?

She was once poor, and what has made her so enormously rich? How is it, that after throwing away money enough, in foreign wars, to enrich a great empire, she has still enough left to buy out twenty kingdoms? In answering these questions, I shall be led to glance rapidly, as I proposed, at her natural resources, her agricultural, her manufactures and her commerce. And,

First, what are the natural resources of the Island of Great Britain? Who in looking at it, (a mere speck upon the map of the globe,) would suppose there could ever be such an accumulation of wealth and power, as it undeniably contains, on so small a territory? None of its mountains seem with the precious ore, and none of its rivers roll down their golden sands. It has some liberal veins of copper; but its most valuable minerals are iron, tin and lead. The single State of Virginia, is larger by nearly three millions of acres than the whole of England and Wales, from the 'land's end to the banks of the Tweed.'

Missouri, also, is larger, by a million of acres; Georgia by more than half a million; and Illinois contains just about the same number of square miles. The climate of Britain is better than that of almost any other country, so far north, being greatly modified by the proximity of the Atlantic and German oceans; but it will not compare with some others, in milder latitudes. In some parts of England, the natural soil is deep and rich; in general it is good; and it is certainly almost everywhere susceptible of high cultivation. But my belief is, that the soil of Kentucky is richer—Illinois is richer; and to say nothing of some of the States further South, I am strongly inclined to the opinion, that both New York and Pennsylvania, contain more square miles of first rate land, in proportion to the area, than England and Wales. I speak now of the soil in its virgin state—certainly that of England is under higher cultivation.

So far as great water power contributes to the wealth and prosperity of a country, Britain enjoys no advantages over other nations. In fact, she has very little compared with many others, that are infinitely inferior to her in capital and enterprise. But she does not need it. She has inexhaustible beds of coal, and the steam engine, which are worth more to her than would be all the water power she could have. By the help of steam, she sinks her shafts wherever coal, or any of the valuable ores are found, and brings up the product from the depth of a hundred fathoms. If it is iron, she erects her furnace and forges on the spot; and whether it be hill or dale, she generates all the power she wants, with the greatest ease, to wield the most ponderous machinery. If it is any other metal, she does the same. If it is lime she wishes to prepare for building, or for manure, she rarely finds it necessary to go far for coal to burn. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find alternate strata of coal and iron and limestone, all in the same pit; and then you will see all the process of bringing them up from its dark caverns, manufacturing the iron and burning the lime, going on at once. Some of the veins are followed by the workmen, to the distance of one or two miles, and it was exceedingly interesting to me, to see fine wheat and other crops, waving over extensive fields, while the excavations were going on below, and yielding to the proprietors a hundred times the value of themselves. Before the prodigious power and various applications of steam were discovered, these vast beds of coal were valuable, simply as common fuel; but now there is nothing but what they can accomplish, and they are worth incomparably more to the country, than the mines of Potosi would have been, had they been placed in the mountains of Wales instead of the Andes.

Yours sincerely,

From the New York Express.

Every body, the *Millionaires* excepted, and they are always frugal and economical, for that is the way they win their millions, must begin to accommodate himself or herself to the new times. Simplicity is now and henceforth to be the order of the day. The men must be economical. The women must keep away from the milliners. The bottle of wine must not go so freely upon the table. Family dinners must be given instead of parade dinners. The old times must come back, when a friend could pop in and see friend, without pomp and display,—with a place for him at table, if he is there at the eating hour,—with a wife glad to welcome, and not reddening her cheeks, if she has on a calico frock,—no silver forks, no rich china dining service,—no servants in livery,...no *bonbons*, grapes, whip sillabubs, and so on. Our

beloved country has been running stark mad for the last eight or ten years past. Our pretty ladies have been floated over sea, in those floating Palaces of ours, to while away a winter in a Parisian *societe*—to be made happy by the quadrille, or mazourka of some Baden in Summer—to be captivated by the delicious softness of Tuscan melody, or dazzled by Roman pomps, and enraptured by Neapolitan effemiancy—and when they come home to this matter of fact land of ours, they come bewitched with visits of European glory, and bewitching all of us,—for who in his heart man foremost and first of all, can withstand the temptations of asking eyes, of the melifluous eloquence of rosy lips? They ask, and they win—and *Eyes* have won cities which a Napoleon stormed in vain—and empires have thus fallen, where the battle-axe and the pike have for naught shed oceans of blood. A hard hearted husband is he, whose soul is not touched by what the eyes of his wife demand, and a monster he must be, if he can withstand the asking lips....Women thus win only by asking. They ask for palaces, and they have them, conjured up Alladin-lamp fashion, not by the magic of old, however, but by the magic of credit of bank paper. They ask cottages and they come—and country seats and estates, and gorgeous furniture, upholstery, and trappings, and jewelry, come with them. The milliner transfers them from sweet country girls, as they were—the Venuses de Medici of the American forest—the Dianas of the woods...into Egyptian caryatides, supporting columns of head dresses, or Egyptian mummies stocked and bandaged, as when they came out of the inmost recesses of the Pyramids. The lusty waist of that *beau ideal* of Grecian beauty, and captivates the world on its pedestal in that jewel of a room in Florence—the good, firm, generous foot—the compact, strong, and hearty body, that looks at it had been fed on Yankee Indian Pudding and could run six miles an hour without being out of breath, would horrify a belle now-a-days! The fact is, our sweet country women, the prettiest on earth, in spite of fashion,—and dolls they love to be instead of women,—have got some wrong ideas in their heads; and unless we who are beginning to be bachelors, can get them out, the beginning is the *begin*, and bachelors, alas! we shall be,...floating homeless, heartless, hapless, down the sad tide of time:—for who, now-a-days, dare marry—unless he has a *Tattersalls*, a millinery, a furniture warehouse, an upholstery shop,...a jewelry manufactory,—one railroad at least, two towns in lithograph, and two Banks in Wall street.

Think of a poor horrified husband who has been sleeping to the age of twenty-five in a boarding house in Broad-way, in a room just big enough to make a respectable sized man a coffin...dining in a cellar in Wall or Water street at two and six pence per day—met by his beloved Angelina three weeks after marriage, with her arms thrown around his neck, and her head on his shoulder, with a 'My dear,' or 'dearest,' (dearest is a word that always finishes a poor man quite up,) 'did you see Mrs. Bobadil Bellino's beautiful French handkerchief last night? Oh, how charming it was; and can't you now, dearest just give me the money to buy one such?' 'But, my dear, it cost 500 francs in Paris!' 'I know it; but then you know, if one goes into company, one must appear as others do.' Think now of the attitude, and then of the request, and who would not buy for the wife he loved, the handkerchief, cost what it may? Here is the error. The wife is in the wrong, when she says she must appear as others appear.

From the Litchfield (Ct.) Enquirer.

The following extract of a letter from the *Eden of the West*, (Illinois) has been handed to us for publication, that our readers may see what some of the emigrants from New England think of the beautiful country described. The writer is a lady, formerly a resident, and we believe a native of this town. People who are desirous to emigrate to the West should remember that 'all is not gold that glitters.' A plate of tin looks as bright at a distance as one of silver.

Near Chicago, Oct. 10, 1836.

'Provisions here are low in comparison to what they were last winter. Butter is from 15 to 20 cents per pound, and plenty, and every thing else is so in the eating line. The climate is quite cold here, much more so than at Litchfield or in New York state. The summer is very short. I do not know whether it is best to be sorry that we came here or not. We talk some of going south. We feel quite dissatisfied with the country here. Lumber is 40 dollars a thousand. A poor man can hardly afford a floor to his log cabin. We live on a road where from twenty to thirty market wagons, loaded with flour, butter, corn meal, oats, &c. pass (from the south to Chicago) every day. Reason teaches us that where those articles grow is better than to stay here, where it is so cold that oats can't grow more than a foot high, and not get ripe at all. We have been disappointed in coming here.'

'Often at the still hour of midnight do my thoughts wing their way to my sister's bedside, and there I fancy myself administering to her wants: at other times I am by our parents' fireside listening to the voice of instruction and prayer, which long since became silent; but alas! in the morning it is all a dream, and I find myself in our little log cabin, which is about 16 by 16 feet—only one room. I have

in it two beds, a bureau, nine chairs, a table, a chest to keep luncheon in, a barrel of flour, a stove, three shelves for dishes, besides the trundle bed and a chest or two under the other beds. We have one window with six lights on the West side, and a hole cut through on the south, with an old rag hung up before it on rainy days. The remainder of the light creeps through the crevices between the logs. A sort of floor we have over head made of loose rough boards, which is accessible by a rough ladder—(no cellar, no chambers, no closet, no well,...) and this is happiness at the West.

'Our children have not been to school a day since they have been in the country, and if we remain where we are, they never can, unless we are able to have them boarded in town. I have not attended public worship since I left the State of New-York (18 months since.) I do not wish to have mother come here: it is too cold, and she could never go to meeting, or have any society of any consequence....If we move south, I hope to be differently situated in this respect.'

* * * * * 'The wind here is very piercing. When blowing its highest gale on Litchfield or Goshen hills it can hardly be compared with our every day winds here. I must confess that I am somewhat homesick. To me, who was brought up among the hills and woods and among pleasant neighbors, an uninhabited prairie has but few charms. A little prairie land is very convenient, but what delight has an ocean prairie, where there is no object upon which the lone traveller can fix his eye; no object whither to direct his steps? I would almost as soon take up my abode with the tempest-tost mariners as to think of living on such a place. Yet this is a correct description of a great part of the far famed Illinois.'

TEXAS.

Extract from a letter to a gentleman in this city, from his brother in New Orleans, dated

New Orleans, April 25th, 1837.

The coast of Texas is literally strewn with the wrecks of vessels run ashore by the enemy. The true state of things in Texas is really deplorable. The army has had nothing to sustain life for the last six weeks, but the cattle they hunt for....Scarcely any provisions of any kind are in the country—and what there is, to be had only at exorbitant prices; and now their supplies having been cut off, must leave them in a deplorable condition. I have been deceived by the news published in the newspapers respecting Texas. The fact is, Texas is governed by the land speculators in New Orleans, by whom all the false statements have been published....It appears they can do nothing in Texas without orders from New Orleans. The blockade of Texas was smothered, until it could be kept secret no longer; when an order was sent from New Orleans to Texas, to have the schooners of war fitted out for sea. At the same time a request came from Texas to New Orleans, requesting them to send down the vessels of war, as the enemy's fleet was blockading their coast. Finally, the Mexicans have been allowed to do all the damage they could unmonitored. A report was current, that one of the Texas Schooners was fighting a Mexican brig, but it turned out to be a Mexican brig chasing a brig which was run ashore near Galveston Island.

An attempt was made here to fit out a steam boat to run down to Texas with provisions, but the pressure of the times would not admit of it.

Mexico.—The barque *Ann Eliza*, Bescoe, arrived from Vera Cruz yesterday afternoon, whence she sailed May 2, and brings intelligence that the Mexican armed *Dibertado*, com. Lopez, mounting 14 guns and the brig *Vincedor del Alamo*, capt.—mounting 12 guns, had just brought in as a prize, the Texian schooner *Independence*, which they had captured after a most gallant action of four hours. The *Independence* mounted only five guns, but they were worked with the most terrible precision, as the loss of the Mexicans was very severe.

Mr. Wharton, the minister to the United States was on board as a passenger at the time, and he with the officers and crew of the *Independence* were landed at Matamoras.

The captain of the Texian schooner was killed during the action....*Sunday news*, May 28.

In the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, of the 24th instant, we find long communication from the General Government of MEXICO, to the AMERICAN Secretary of State, the purport of which is to protest against the latter nation, for acknowledging the independence of the TEXAS. The concluding paragraph of this document is as follows:

The undersigned has received instructions from His Excellency the republic to protest as he does now protest in the most solemn manner, before all civilized nations, against the acknowledgement of the independence of the pretended republic of Texas, made by the United States of America declaring that it cannot in any manner or mode, either now or at any time to come, weaken, diminish, or compromise, in the least, the rights of the republic of Mexico on the territory of Texas, nor the right which it possesses to employ all the means which are or may be in its power, to recover the said territory.

(The names of the committee will be published in our next.)

'Thanks were then voted to the President for his impartial conduct in the chair, and to the Secretary for his active assistance, and the meeting adjourned.

'Messrs. Cherrier, Jobin, Lachapelle, Bell, Gagnon, Dr. Valois and O'Callaghan, addressed the meeting in the course of the above proceedings.'

The undersigned prays the honorable the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the United States, to make known this note and protest to His Excellency the President of the United States, and takes this opportunity to offer him the expression of his respect and distinguished consideration.

JOSE MARIA ORTIZ MONASTERIO.

From the Montreal Vindicator.

(Continued.)

'On motion of Capt. J. Bte. Cadieux, of Pointe aux Trembles, seconded by Mr. Francis Malo of the same place.

'Resolved, 7. That another large portion of the Provincial Revenue is raised from a duty of two and a half per cent on all merchandise manufactured in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, paid on their entry at the ports of this Province, and that a large portion of this description of goods, especially Linens, Woollens, and Cottons, may be fabricated in this country, or imported from the United States; that we pledge ourselves and recommend our fellow citizens to use the latter in preference, especially when they are aware that such article shall be manufactured in this province or smuggled; that we will encourage particularly the establishment of manufactures in this province, and regard as well deserving of the country, those who establish or encourage the said manufactures; that we do not adopt these measures through hatred of the English people, whom we respect and thank for the sympathy which they manifest for their Canadian brethren, but through hatred of those justices which their aristocracy, Whig and Tory, commits against us, and to interest them to break the iron sceptre of their and our oppressors.'

'On motion of Mr. P. P. Lachapelle, junior, of Lachine, seconded by M. Joseph Cardinal, of Cote des Neiges.

'Resolved, 8. That whilst we have nothing to expect from the other side of the Atlantic but injustice, we may alleviate it, and perhaps render it entirely innocent, by cultivating frequent and friendly communications with our happy and industrious neighbors of the United States of America:—that nothing can better advance the prosperity of the country, than the extension of our trade with them, and that the Petition wisely adopted by the Reformers of Upper Canada at a recent date, be proposed for the general acceptance of the people of this province, to be presented to the free and happy United States of America at its next session.'

'On motion of Capt. Dubreuil, of Pointe aux Trembles, seconded by Capt. Joseph Monarque, of Riviere des Prairies,

'Resolved, 9. That in case the unconstitutional measures proposed by Ministers be adopted, this meeting hopes that the Representation of the country will never degrade itself to such a degree as to sanction such usurpation, by voting supplies, so long as justice will be refused to the country.'

'On motion of Mr. Joshua Bell, of Montreal, seconded by Mr. Simon Valois.

'Resolved, 10. That the most lively gratitude of the inhabitants of all the British Colonies is due, and the most sincere thanks of the meeting is tendered, to the eloquent and virtuous minority which truly proved, in the House of Commons, that their love of justice embraced the Empire in all its extent, and caused it to respect the rights of man in general, and those of the British colonies in particular; that we seize this opportunity to express our thanks equally to the Working Men of London, and the other English Reformers, who have raised their voices in favor of an oppressed colony, and who have perceived that to establish our rights and liberties under foot, was to attack on the rights and liberties of the English people also; that we are highly sensible of their sympathy, which we duly appreciate, as well as that of our brother Reformers of Toronto, who have also protested against the violation of our common rights.'

'On motion of Joseph Antoine Gagnon, Esq., J. P., seconded by Mr. Fleury St. Jean,

'Resolved, II. That we applaud the efforts of our brother colonists and Reformers of Nova-Scotia, whose representatives have recently demanded the introduction of the elective principle into the Council forming part of their Legislature, a government responsible to the Commons of the colony, and the control by the people over all the public revenues, together with other reforms for the general good; that these demands and complaints have for their source the same evil system of government which has for a long time called forth similar complaints on our part: that we are ready to second the efforts of the Reformers of Nova-Scotia, and to co-operate with them.'

The Agitators agitated.—On Sunday, after the solemn observance of the Religious Ceremonies with which the *Fête de Dieu* is observed in the Roman Catholic Church, a party of political agitators attempted a meeting in the Beast Market, St. Paul street, and from 70 to 80 persons attended.

Mr. R. S. M. Bouchette, is said to have been the organizer of this meeting, and at about 5 o'clock addressed those who had collected and moved an adjournment to the Wardrobe of the House of Assembly where a private meeting of about twenty notables had been convened to take into consideration the actual state of the country. At this the members of the House of Assembly, residing in Quebec, who disapprove of Lord John Russell's Resolutions, were invited to be present, and the object of the meeting was to deliberate on the best means to be adopted under existing circumstances. Whilst this preliminary convention was in session Mr. Bouchette's party...aving in its progress been reinforced by stragglers and idlers, and some of the congregation of the Paroisse, who were coming out after vespers when his party passed and were led on by curiosity—amounting in the whole, to, perhaps 250 persons, headed by the learned gentleman, entered the door of the wing of the Assembly, and by a rapid movement gained admittance to the Wardrobe, before the convention of notables were aware of the approach of this body of undesired coadjutors. Finding their fortress thus carried by assault, they generally retired. Dr. Blanchet, and M. M. Drolez and Beser, members of Assembly, however, as did some others of the signers of the requisition, for this *rehearsal howl*, and even took part in the debate that ensued, after a person had been induced to accept of the office of Chairman, which, having been declined by riper heads, was conferred on by Mr. Belleau, a young notary public. Mr. Bouchette, Mr. Charles Drolez, Mr. Beser and Dr. Blanchet, severally spoke, and resolutions were passed, condemning measures and men, of which we have not the particulars, but we learn that the *Canadien* itself came in for its share of disapprobation. Our contemporary in his publication of last night, is very angry with Mr. Bouchette and the out of doors agitators who dared to break in upon the private deliberations of the more covert and crafty concoctors of mischief, and laments that their own batch of grievance eggs should have been addled by the indiscreet zeal of the fire-new patriot from the St. Paul Street Market. We saw the assailants enter the House of Assembly, and think their numbers over stated by the Morning Herald in its publication of yesterday Morning which makes 300 persons present, of whom were Constitutionalists attracted by curiosity 50; boys under 18 years of age 50; persons approving of a 'howl' 100. The proportion of boys is perhaps under rated by one half.—*Quebec Mercury*, May 30.

From the Montreal Herald.

The Legislature of Prince Edward Island was prorogued on the 24th of April, with the usual solemnities. His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor, in his speech expressed his satisfaction in the warmest terms for the co-operation he had experienced on the part of the other branches of the legislature, and complimented them on the 'zeal, harmony and unanimity' with which they had acted towards each other.

In addressing the Assembly, his Excellency says:—

I thank you in His Majesty's name for the liberality of the Supplies which you have voted for the public service generally and more especially for the extensive relief which you have enabled the executive Government to afford to the necessitous settlers both in food and seed—and the more so, as this measure has been adopted in opposition to a principle of the soundness of which no one can be more convinced than myself, having so long witnessed in another Colony the direct tendency of such aid to encourage careless husbandry, & actually to operate as a premium upon improvidence.—I am satisfied that no such result is to be apprehended among the frugal and industrious settlers of this Island, and I advert to it only to show the extent of the obligation which your liberality has imposed upon them.

It is stated on good authority, in the Upper Canada papers, that the provincial parliament will immediately be called for the actual despatch of business. We agree with a correspondent of the Cobourg Star, that, should it become necessary, as we have no doubt it will, on the part of the chartered banks of Upper Canada to stop cash payments, as had been done by all the other banks on this continent, an Act of the Legislature is the most competent authority legally to authorize such a measure. The correspondent we have alluded to, in concluding his communication, observes:—The chartered banks cannot suspend specie payments without closing their doors. In that case, the banking business is suspended, and what is to become of our merchants and others who continually require bank accommodations? They must all become bankrupt. Pass the Act I recommend, and they can commence business immediately, and, what is of equal consequence, they can continue it.'—*Mont. Gazette*.

Sir Francis Bond Head has intimated to the Upper Canada Banks, in a letter from his Secretary, dated the 22d instant, that, on declaration by any of them, that they have 'paid out all the gold and silver in their possession or immediate power,' he

will take upon himself the responsibility of enabling such bank to continue its business without redeeming its notes in specie, till within a month after the meeting of the legislature, the banking community engaging to adopt certain restrictions....[Quebec Gazette.]

From a Montreal Correspondent:—

'Montreal, (Saturday,) May 27th....Our latest dates from New York are of Wednesday. Nothing later from England....Money market easier, and stocks have declined. United States Bank stock has declined 12. The water is about a foot less than it was on Thursday. I hope that it will soon be low enough to allow the people of Lachine and Chateauguay to occupy the whole of their houses, many of them being at present restricted to their garret. At St. Ann's, at the head of this Island, the Church floor was under water on Thursday and Friday. At l'Assomption the high water has caused a good deal of damage. The wheat advertised to be sold this morning, ex Earl D'Albousie, was offered and withdrawn at 6s. 4d. It is of a middling quality....*Quebec Gaz.*

For the Mississouli Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 25

The quiet tenor of life is not always to last. Sickness and sorrow, the precursors of death, are continually encompassing our paths.

I have seen the youth of both sexes stretched for months, and even years on the bed of languishing, pining from day to day, as the faded flower, until the stern hand of death laid them in the cold narrow house. Under his unrelenting grasp the tenderest ties that can possibly exist between two kindred spirits are cut asunder as ropes of sand. He enters the abodes of peace and love as readily as he does that of wretchedness and strife, regardless of kindly affections, mutual friendship, or the wailings of helpless innocence.

I have seen the rosate hue of health fading from the face of the kindest companion, as when the hyperborean blast strikes on the gay openings of the vernal blossoms and in one night shriveling them up, into the deadness of winter. I have observed the slow but sure, undermining of the hectic cough—the restless couch, until the whole frame was reduced and finally yielding into the arms of that power which never said 'enough.'

The faithful companion—the tried friend in sickness and in joy—the 'help-meet,' in every sense of esteem, fidelity and love, I have seen torn away from the arms of the affectionate husband who had no other treasure or jewel on earth—neither son nor daughter—no 'lamb' to lay close to his bosom, to fill up the void space in her room:—I have seen him as a lonely, bereaved stranger, following her bier to the house appointed for all living,—taking his last farewell of that clay-cold form that encased the vital spark of immortality.

I marked the agony that seemed to struggle in his heaving breast, when he withdrew his weeping eye from that face which was no more to greet his daily toil to a cheerful fireside, and it penetrated to my soul. I observed his emotions when the kindly hands of neighbouring friends, in solemn silence, slowly lowered the remains of his treasure into the bosom of the earth, and saw that he felt as if a part of himself descended into the tomb.

All this I have seen, and it reminded me of the end of all human glory. Dust thou art; and unto dust thou shalt return.

J. R.

MISSISSOUI STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, JUNE 6, 1837.

It seems there is now a puzzle of vast importance before the busy world, on this western continent; for the unravelling of which every one is eager to try his ingenuity, but notwithstanding, it remains a puzzle still. It is hard, we confess, to shew by reason and argument that honesty is not the best policy—that to break faith with the public in the teeth of their own steel engraven engagements is the very quintessence of prudence, and yet the attempt must be made, nay, armies of quills rush into the service.

We will not assert positively that sheer dishonesty led to the dire necessity of seeking to reverse the adage, consecrated by the experience of ages, respecting the policy of old fashioned honesty, and all such sort of antiquated notions, but, nevertheless, we do think within ourselves, that miscalculated enterprise—extravagant, romantic, quixotic speculations—an over anxious spirit of covetousness to make fortunes unnaturally rapid, have led our neighbors to indulge their notions too far.

Goods, to a very great amount, have been imported to the United States from beyond seas, within the last few years, far beyond the real wants of the country, & its means to pay for them. That the balance of trade has been woefully against the Republic is demonstrated by the fact that, within the last eighteen months, more than a million and a half bushels of grain for bread stuffs have been imported from Europe for the supply of the citizens of the Republic. In former years, bread stuffs were exported by them, as well as abundance of raw materials, for the supply of European man-

factures, in exchange for goods. In addition to the payments due for goods, payments have latterly become due for corn. Such increased demands would have been, even in ordinary times, hard to meet, but much more, in consequence of the destruction of property, by the awful conflagration in New York. This loss should have rendered moderation, in the purchasing of goods, of imperative obligation. Lessons of moderation, however, were not learned.

It was vaunted, that the credit of the city was not in the least impaired. Fresh orders were sent as large and as unrestricted as if no disaster had happened. When the day of payment came, the available means of the country to meet the demands were found inadequate. It was, therefore, concluded that, since the commodities of the country were insufficient to meet the demands of the creditor, the coin must be locked up. Whereupon the banks were induced to suspend all payments in hard coin. The principles of sacred honor are thereby completely prostrated to the earth: Honor was of no weight when placed in the scale against silver and gold. There is nothing that looks so well as a store of silver dollars. From the gulf of Mexico to the shores of the St. Lawrence, the sight of a hard dollar might, with safety be prescribed, as the long sought cure for the toothache. The dollars are safe in winter quarters. They have deserted the field.

'He that fights and runs away, may live to fight another day, But he that is in battle slain, Alas! he ne'er will fight again.'

The dollars may yet be forth-coming, as experience probably will teach, that, like manure, they are of no use, unless they be spread. But, after looking up their own, they would if they could, get our dollars for the purpose of transporting them to their European creditors. The wily plot of picking up our Canadian bank notes, with a view to carry off the precious metal was divulged. The Quebec & Montreal gentlemen took the hint, and immediately secured the banks against the approaching siege. Necessity, it is said, has no Law....has an absolute, indefeasible right to exercise self-defence in any form.

The defence made amounts to this, gentlemen, use your own first. There must be a reciprocity in the affair. You shall see none of ours until you give free circulation to the dollars which you have locked up. Till then, ours are safe and snug from wind and weather.

Sir Francis Head recommends a different course. Honor is the principle of honorable men, as well as that of monarchy. We admire his gallant and noble bearing; and from the specimens he has already given of his consummate sagacity, wisdom and firmness, we earnestly hope, that his recommendation will not turn out, in the end, to be bad policy.

Mr. Mackenzie, having published a letter in his newspaper, called the *Constitution*, recommending an immediate run up on the banks, is said to have been mobbed and severely beaten....*Mont. Gaz.*

Great Britain....The King has been thrown into a state of deep affliction, by the death of his eldest and favorite daughter Lady De Lile, who died at Kensington House on the night of April 10th.

Much alarm was created in the neighborhood of the London docks, by the sudden death of two laborers, who had been employed on board a vessel from Trieste, laden with rags; it was feared that they had died of the plague, that terrible disease being known to exist at various points on the Mediterranean. Several other workmen had been taken ill.

Vinegar in Cream....A practical farmer says, 'After trying several things, I found that by adding a table spoonful of good vinegar to four gallons of cream, when put into the churn, I obtained butter in from seven to eight minutes.'

A physician was called to an Irishman, and after examining his case, recommended an emetic. 'An emetic it is you say, doctor?' said the patient, 'oh, that'll never do; I took one of the same in auld Ireland, but the devil a bit would it stay down at all, at all!'

Failure.—'Josh,' said a stumpy bullet headed black to a molasses dipped companion on crossing the drawbridge—'Josh, pay me that are fip vat ye borrowed o' me.' 'Golla mighty—vot you mean to ask a man for money dese times, don't you see all de marecent breaking, how can ye speck me to pay; I've spended payment too.'

At one of the disgraceful exhibitions—the sale of a wife by her husband—which

took place in Manchester some time since, the husband officiated as auctioneer for disposing of his worthless rib. 'Wholl buy a wife, a fine wife, a handsome wife?'—'And say a good wife,' whispered she, '...No, no,' rejoined the husband, 'I can't cheat them.'



OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF MILITIA.
Quebec, 13th April, 1837.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDER.

His Excellency the Governor in Chief My Lord Gosford, has been pleased to make the following promotions and nominations in the Militia of this Province, namely:—

Mississouli.

Lieut. Wm. Pell, to be Capt., vice Asa Westover, deceased, 6 April, 1837.

" Alexander McKenney, to be Captain, vice J. Luke, absent,

" Henry Baker, to be Capt., 7 "

" Samuel Scott, " 10 "

" Sidney Marble, " 11 "

" Ep'm Hurlbut, " 12 "

Ensign Jas. Taylor, to be Lieut., vice McKenney, promoted, 7 "

" Chas. S. Reynolds, to be Lieut., vice H. Baker, promoted,

" Daniel Westover, to be Lieut., vice W. Pell, promoted, 10 "

" Michael Vail, to be Lieut., vice Scott, promoted,

" David Harvey, to be Lieut., vice S. Marble, promoted, 12 "

" Richard Sheppard, to be Lieut., vice E. Hurlbut, promoted,

" Chas. R. Cheeseman, Gent., to be Ensign, vice J. Taylor, promoted,

" Omie Legrancé, to be Ensign, vice C. S. Reynolds, promoted, 3 "

" George Fellows, to be Ensign, vice G. Rieter, absent,

" Ralph Miller, to be Ensign, vice Westover, promoted,

" Orlin Woodard, to be Ensign, vice D. Harvey, promoted,

" Earlathan, to be Ensign, vice M. Vail, promoted,

" John Bell, to be Ensign, 8 "

" Sam'l Jenne, " 10 "

" 3d Bat. Rouville.

Ensign John Mounty, to be Lieut., vice J. Beunier, deceased, 14 "

" Antoine Champoux, Gent., to be Ensign, vice J. Mounty, promoted,

" Alexander Criggs, to be Ensign, vice Jas. Williams, absent, 12 "

" 3d Bat. Vercheres.

Abraham Blanchard, Gent., to be Ensign,

" 5th Bat. Montreal.

Leave to retire to Lieut. Colonel Pierre Hervieux, 10 "

By Command,

L. JUCHEREAU DUCHESNAY,

Deputy Adjt. Genl. Mil.

Married.

In Brome, on the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. C. Cotton, Mr. John Ladd, to Miss Laura M. Pickle.

Notice.

A meeting of the members elect and other officers of the 'County of Mississouli Agricultural Society,' will be held at Mr. Reynolds Hotel in Freleighsburg, on Monday the 12th Inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of transacting the necessary business of the society. A punctual attendance will be expected.

By order,

H. N. WHITMAN, Secretary C. M. A. S. Stanbridge, June 5th 1837.

TEMPERANCE.

Notice is hereby given, that a meeting of the Young Ladies and Gentlemen's Temperance Society, will be held at the Hurlbut School house, on Tuesday the 13th instant; at one o'clock, P. M. The friends of temperance are invited to attend.

By order of the President.

JAMES AYER, Jr. Secretary.

TAILORING!

The Subscriber takes this opportunity of informing the gentlemen of this vicinity that he has taken the front room of Mr. Wm. Hickok's house, lately the residence of JOHN BAKER, Esq., where, in his profession as

Cutter, he will be in readiness to execute orders in his

line in the latest fashion, in the most approved

style, and on reasonable terms. He will also

Cut garments to be made up by others.

WILLIAM MAGOWAN.

Freleighsburg, 30th May, 1837.

V3—6t

A Card.

MRS. BELLAMY, on retiring from the Commercial Hotel, begs to acknowledge her obligation to those who have so liberally patronized this Establishment, while under her charge, and trusts, that under the management of her successor, Mr. JOHN BAKER, it will continue to receive that share of public support which she feels confident his exertions will merit.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

Commercial



HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has leased the above well known Establishment, to which many improvements have been added this Spring; and no exertion will be spared on his part to maintain the well known reputation of the House.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

JOHN BAKER.

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

(Continued.)

Three delightful years flew rapidly by. The most interesting spots in France, Germany, and sacred Italy were visited. The study of the best authors in each language; that of the history, government, manufactures and works of art, of each country, together with the acquaintance of the most eminent men—all contributed to exalt and enrich the highly gifted mind of Alonzo, and to fill his heart with the noblest sentiments of benevolence and patriotism. During this time he might have been pronounced among the happiest of mortals—but in his overflowing cup one black and bitter drop was mingled.

Mr. Mordaunt had been made aware of Alonzo's marriage, and of all the circumstances attending it, by the Marquis. In the first letter Alonzo received from his aunt the Abbess, were these words: 'The only chance you have of domestic peace, (happiness is perhaps out of the question,) in your peculiar circumstances, is *guard your heart* with the most vigilant care; if once that treasure pass into the possession of another, guilt and misery will attend you through life. I repeat to you again and again, *guard your heart!*' This letter was handed to his tutor, who, pointing to the last sentence, said emphatically, let that be your 'watch-word.'

During his residence on the Continent, his time and attention were too much occupied, his change of residence too frequent to allow of his affections being any time in danger. And, beside the observing eye of Mr. Mordaunt, and the watchword of the revered Abbess, it must be noticed that the young Don was not of that highly inflammable nature, which the sparkle of an eye, the smile of a rosy lip, or the touch of a delicate hand, could ignite in an instant. But Mr. Mordaunt perfectly agreed with the Abbess in opinion that if ever he loved, it would be deeply, passionately, and therefore to him—fatally.

At the appointed time they arrived in England, and a year and a half had been passed, with the highest advantage and improvement, in travelling through that extraordinary country, and in visiting Scotland. The last six months they were to spend in London, and alas! the dreadful evil, from a quarter so little suspected that even Mr. Mordaunt appeared to be thrown off his guard, approached; and the God of love was, as a poet would say amply revenged for the sacrilege that had been perpetrated in performing the sacred band of Hymen.

Alonzo was at the opera with his friend the Brazilian Charge d' Affaires. He thought as he looked around, that he had never been in any public place of amusement where the sex showed to so much advantage as at the English Opera; the absence of crowd, the light not too glaring, the superb dresses, contributed, he supposed, to produce this effect. He observed the Charge attentively viewing through his glass some person in an opposite box, and he fancied many other glasses were pointed in the same direction; he looked also, and his eye immediately rested on one of the most beautiful young women he thought he had ever seen; there was that peculiar *something*, however, in her complexion, style and dress, which marked her as a foreigner. 'Who is that?' said he to the Charge; 'she looks French or Spanish.'

'Neither,' said the Charge, exultingly, 'she is one of us—Brazilian!'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Alonzo, in an accent of surprise and pleasure.

'Have you not heard of her?' asked his friend; 'she is called the beautiful Brazilian and is the novelty of the season, making sad havoc in the hearts of her English admirers. She has come out under the auspices of the Countess of Godolphin, the lady next her.'

'What is her name?'

'Donna Viola de Montezuma.'

'The name is noble,' observed Alonzo, 'but I do not recollect it at Rio.'

'Her family is settled in the North of Brazil; she herself, however, has just come from Rio, with her duenna and suite to finish her education. She is an heiress, and is reported to be engaged in Portugal. Would you like to go round? I will introduce you.'

'If you please,....and away they went.'

The Charge first introduced Alonzo to the Countess and then presented him as a fellow countryman to the beautiful Brazilian. She received him with the most marked pleasure, and made a seat for him beside her.

'I am indeed most happy to become acquainted with you, Don Alonzo,' said she, 'if it were only to express to you the affection I feel for your dear aunt the Abbess, in whose convent I have been sometime a resident, and from whom I have received all the care and love of a mother...indeed, I owe her very much.'

'Her love and care at least seemed to have been well bestowed,' replied Alonzo: 'did you also know my father?'

'Intimately—and I may almost venture to say that I know you, so much have I heard of you from the Marquis and your aunt; I am sure no son or nephew was ever more beloved.'

Alonzo sighed as he recollects that neither of them had mentioned this lady in their letters; the reason was obvious—and he felt a pang more acute than usual when he looked on her lovely and intelligent countenance....glanced over a figure that appeared to him perfection, and listened to her

lively and natural remarks—then compared her with that one of whom he could scarcely endure in any way to think.

The next morning, he mentioned to Mr. Mordaunt, as careless as he could, his introduction of the preceding evening.

'I have heard of that lady,' observed Mr. Mordaunt—'She is a good specimen of your country-women,—does great credit to Brazil, and would make, I dare say, an excellent English marriage, if she were not already engaged.'

'She is really then engaged?' inquired Alonzo.

'Decidedly....to a Portuguese nobleman; this has been published as much as possible to keep lovers at a distance.'

'Well,' thought Alonzo, 'as she is engaged, and I married, there can be no danger,' and that very evening (for the lady he understood was not permitted to receive morning visitors,) beheld him at the Countess's.

An intimacy soon sprung up between them, as was natural between persons of the same age and station, in a foreign country. There was no one that Viola was, or appeared, half so pleased to see as Don Alonzo. She had always a new song to sing to him, a new drawing to show to him, or a new book to recommend. She was fond of chess, and many happy moments did he spend while the Countess was engaged at her whilst. But never in his eyes was she so fascinating as when, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, she accompanied herself in their own beautiful national melodies; her voice was exquisitely sweet and clear, the execution finished and graceful. At those moments an exclusive affinity appeared to exist between them, although there might be, and often were, numerous other listeners and admirers, it was his eye only that she sought for approval.

They met frequently at public places, and also at other houses. Viola was a beautiful dancer, and he felt proud (he knew not why, for it was nothing to him,) of the admiration she excited. Sometimes he waltzed with her, and with a beating heart caught here and there a half whisper from the spectators—'The two Brazilians....an interesting couple, are they not?'

It was thought better that Viola, on account of her peculiar situation, should continue to observe, although in England, the strict form of her own national manners. Immediately after dancing she returned to the side of the Countess or her chaperone; she never went out for exercise except so accompanied, and she never received any visitor except in such presence. These arrangements gave great satisfaction to Alonzo, (he did not know why, for it was nothing to him,) although he frequently suffered by them.

'Guard your heart?' conscience whispered to Alonzo. Alas! his heart had escaped...but he guarded his manners, and they were the next best security: he tried to watch even his very eyes: he never flirted, he never complimented; in fact, he succeeded so well that the Countess and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to have no suspicion, but he could not deceive himself, and he was not quite sure that he deceived Viola.

Time glided by unheeded: the London season was near its close, when one morning at breakfast, Mr. Mordaunt, observed, 'Well, Alonzo, time gets on, we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet.'

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. 'So soon! can it be possible!'

The same evening they were *en famille* at the Countess's; the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. 'What are you thinking of Don Alonzo, to make such a move as that?' inquired Viola, 'you are a little absent....out of spirits this evening.'

'I ought not to be so,' said Alonzo trying to rally, 'for we have been busy all day planning and arranging our voyage back.'

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him, but without speaking, threw open the door of the after cabin....he entered, and the door closed behind him.

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading: the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanor arrested her; for she checked herself and exclaimed, 'Don Alonzo!'

'Viola!' said he, seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left: 'Viola!' (the word seemed to choke him)

'I cannot live without you—you are yet free, have pity on me!'

'Alonzo,' she asked in a tremulous voice, 'are you free?'

'I AM NOT IRREVOCABLY BOUND.'

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, 'Then I must tell you, that I AM. You are laboring under a fatal error; you think I am but engaged—I AM MARRIED.'

'But stay!' she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication....'stay!—one moment—Alonzo!—I beseech you.'

It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was on board his own vessel; he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and every body and every thing that impeded his way to his cabin, where, locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had just quitted, went on board the Lisbon Packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

(Concluded in our next.)

Tight Lacing—According to Soemering—is productive of no less than *ninety-six diseases*, amongst which are cancer, asthma, abscess, and pulmonary consumption. Among numerous evils enumerated by the Germans as attributed to tight lacing, are *ugly children*.

the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three or four crowded rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and loiteringly along, seemingly in no great hurry to arrive at their destination.

'Are you really going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?'

'Really...and you, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?'

'I go to Portugal.'

'And there?' said Alonzo in an enquiring tone.

'O there we shall not remain long; our Brazilian property will require our presence.'

'Then we shall meet again,' said Alonzo eagerly.

'I hope so...I dare say in a few months.'

'Well, that is some comfort!—and he seemed to expire more freely, then after a pause...but I shall never again meet Viola?'

'But Viola, Don Alonzo,' she replied firmly, 'will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend.'

'Thank you, Viola, thank you!—but pray don't speak another word to me just now.' He placed her in her seat, and without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil: their passage was taken and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion, with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for Viola and her suite in the Lisbon Packet, and the day was fixed for leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. 'You are come to take leave of Donna Viola,' said her ladyship.

'No, I am not, I come to take leave of you, (for I also am on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention.'

'But why not of Viola?' said the Countess; 'she will be so disappointed.'

'It is better I should not.'

'But what am I to say to her?' inquired she.

'Precisely what I have just said,—that it is better I should not.'

The Countess returned no reply, and with all good wishes on each side they parted.

The weather was beautiful and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly: but Alonzo was absorbed in thought, and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with his father and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns too he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon Packet; the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio Packets were to sail on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner, went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous vessels, and the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him: then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

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